

"The Letter Hidged in Black"



Words and Music By

HATTIE NEVADA.



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➤ HATTIE NEVADA'S POPULAR HITS ➤

SHE'LL NEVER LIVE TO LOVE ANOTHER COON.

CHORUS:

Words & Music by Claude Melnotte.

For my own Venus... you've got to keep away from Johnson or I'll make him sleep. You love that Nigger that makes me sore. Now they'll carry him away up on a door. I'll get my razor. I'll cut him deep. There'll be a new hearse go down the street. There'll be a strange face up in the moon right soon. But she will never live to love another coon.

Copyright 1899, Hot Ragtime Coon Song. 50¢ post paid.

SUMMER TIME IN DIXIE.

CHORUS:

Words & Music by Hattie Nevada.

When de Blue birds swing high up in de wil-lers. An' de roses bloom again around de door. Den I know dat it's summer time in Dixie, Yes it's summer long de Lou-si-an-a shore.

Copyright 1899, A Negro Melody. 50¢ post paid.

JUST THE PICTURE OF A GIRL I USED TO KNOW.

REFRAIN:

Words & Music by Hattie Nevada.

You don't know her. I can't tell her name. Once she loved me. I was all to blame. Still he answers while the tear drops flow. Just the picture of a girl I used to know.

Copyright 1899, A Sentimental Ballad. 50¢ post paid.

WHILE THE LEAVES CAME DRIFTING DOWN.

REFRAIN:

Words & Music by Hattie Nevada.

While the leaves came drifting down we strayed my love and I. We wandered on so happy neath the moonlit eve-ning sky. I think I see my sweetheart still with eyes of softest brown. When I told her that I loved her while the leaves came drifting down.

Copyright 1898, The Great Waltz Song. 50¢ post paid.

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THE LETTER EDGED IN BLACK.

Words and Music by HATTIE NEVADA.

Moderato.

f a tempo.

I was stand-ing by my win-dow yes-ter-
Then with tremb-ling hands I took the let-ter

rit. p a tempo

O I bow my head in sad-ness and in

morn-ing With-out a thought of wor-ry or of
from him I broke the seal and this is what it
sor-row, The sun-light of my life it now has

care. When I saw the Post-man com-ing down the
said. Come home my boy, your poor old Fa-ther
fled. Since the Post-man brought that let-ter yes-ter

Path-way With such a hap-py smile and jaun-ty
wants you, Come home my boy, your Moth-er dear is
morn-ing Say-ing, "come my boy, your Moth-er dear is

air. Oh he rang the bell and whis-tled while he
dead? O your Moth-er's words the last she ev-er
dead? O it said, for-give the an-gry words 'twere

wait-ed And then he said good-morn-ing to you
ut-tered, Were, "tell my boy I want him to come
spok-en You know I nev-er meant them, don't you,

Jack; " But he lit-tle knew the sor-row that he
back! " My eyes are blurred, my poor old heart is
Jack? O the an-gels bear me wit-ness I am

rit.

brought me When he hand-ed me a let - ter edged in black.
 break-ing While I'm writ - ing you this let - ter edged in black.
 ask-ing Your for - giv - ness in this let - ter edged in black.

Refrain.

As I heard the Post - man whist-ling yes - ter - morn-ing

f

Com-ing down the path-way with his pack, O' he lit-tle knew the sor-row that he

ff

rall.

brought me, When he hand-ed me a let - ter edged in black.

rall. *D.C.*

⇒ HATTIE NEVADA'S POPULAR HITS ⇒

A TWILIGHT CALL. Words and Music by HATTIE NEVADA.

CHORUS.

When you go out for a twilight call, Whistling the late - out

air _____ Singing a long in an ea - sy way,

Copyright 1900. Dreams of Youth. 50c. post paid.

The Maid of Mexico

OR DOWN ON THE RIO GRANDE. Words and Music by HATTIE NEVADA.

CHORUS.

Strolling a-long in the moon - light list to the strains of the band

Ros - es and sweet Mag - no - lila blossom on every - band

Copyright 1900. A Mexican Waltz Song. 50c. post paid.

ON THE OLD MISSOURI SHORE.

REFRAIN. Words & Music by Hattie Nevada.

Rock a low my ba-by, Rock, rock a low,

Rock a low, my ba-by, rock a low. I

Copyright 1898. The greatest Ballad Hit of the Century. 50c post paid.

CHORUS: SUMMERTIME IN DIXIE.

Un poco più mosso. Words and Music by Hattie Nevada.

When de Blue birds swing high up in de wd-lers. Ah! de

ro-ses bloom a-gain a-round de door. Den I know dat it's summer time in

Copyright 1899. A Negro Melody. 50c post paid.

I'M JUST AN OLD VAGABOND.

CHORUS. Words & Music by Hattie Nevada.

For I had a mother like you boys, - Yes, an old outcast like I

Sometimes in dreams I can hear her, Singing her sweet lullaby

Copyright 1898. A Story of Mother's Love. 50c post paid.

AMERICAN HONOR MARCH.

TRIO. B. L. JAMES

Copyright 1900. The Great Patriotic March. 50c. post paid.

THE LETTER EDGED IN BLACK.

CHORUS: Words & Music by Hattie Nevada.

As I heard the Postman whistling yester - morn - ing

Coming down the pathway with his pack, O' he lit-tle knew the

Copyright 1898. The pathetic song of the day. 50c post paid.

JUST THE PICTURE OF A GIRL I USED TO KNOW.

REFRAIN. Words and Music by Hattie Nevada.

know. You don't know her I can't tell her same, Once she loved me

I was all to blame. Still he an-swers while the tear-drops flow, Just the

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